THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Seventeenth Year—Established 1881.]

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, BRUCE MILLER, } Editors and Owners

THE BABY'S WELFARE.

To Be Healthy Two-Thirds of Its Life Should Be Spent in Sleep.

More than two-thirds of the life of a healthy baby should be passed in sleep. Therefore a wise mother is exceedingly careful in selecting the material of her baby's bed. Probably the most unwholesome bed the wee, dainty bit of humanity can have is the little swinging bassinet of down, lace and ribbons, which French milliners prepare under the apparent impression that baby is a sort of toy to be dressed up for display and laid away when asleep like a French doll.

The best crib for a baby is not a swinging bassinet, or any swinging or rocking cradle, but a crib of liberal size, which stands firmly on its legs, and is large enough for the child until it is old enough to sleep in a regular bed. The pillow of the baby's bed should be a flat one of hair, not over two inches thick. This is not the conventional baby pillow of the shops. That is a doll-like affair of down, covered with linen cambric and edged with lace, and is a very dangerous pillow to use for two reasons. First, the brain of an infant is very sensitive and liable to congestion from over-excitement, indigestion or some slight cause, and the head should be kept cool, and should not be heated by a down pillow; secondly, the down used in the shops—unless the work is made to order—is always Arctic down. This is composed of the soft feathers stripped from the quills of the German goose. It is so penetrating that the fine particles will force themselves through the seams and the interstizes in the muslin, which is usually used to cover the pillow, or even through bed ticking. These unwholesome particles floating in the air are then liable to be breathed by the sleeping infant.

The best bed coverings for a baby are sheets of cambric or linen in summer and soft blanket of pure California wool, which are as warm and light as down and much more wholesome, in winter. A silken comfortable of down is allowable if the mother can afford that silken-like down which the eider duck plucks from her breast to line the nest which she builds for her own ducklings in the Arctic snows. This soft, dun-colored down does not float about, but clings together, so that it is safe to use it. The coverlet of the baby's bed may be of any dainty-hued wash silk. This coverlet will protect the blankets as well as a heavier counterpane of cotton.—St. Louis Republic.

ASKED THE WRONG FATHER.

That One's Daughter Had Been Married for a Week and So He Said No.

He was a frequent visitor at the home of the young lady. He favorably impressed her sisters and mother by his dignified behavior and sensible conversation. He would probably have had the same gratifying effect upon her father, but as the latter was completely immersed in his business he was at home very little of the time, and when he was he generally betook himself to his study in a quiet corner of the house. The young man had a dim recollection of being introduced to him once, and speaking a word or so, but since that time had not seen him at all. However, this didn't bother him much, and his love affair came to a focus rapidly.

When he asked the young lady to become his wife she referred him to her father.

"I'll see him to-morrow, dear," he replied.

"No, I don't think you can," she answered; "he's going out of town on a long business trip to-morrow evening, and so will not be here when you come."

"By Jove, then," responded the young man, "I'll drop in on him at the office."

The next day he turned up at the place of business of his idol's father. He knew he was president of the concern. He made his way into the president's office and there confronted a very busy gentleman indeed. Asking for a moment of the latter's time, he said: "I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand."

The man addressed stopped, turned around and looked at him a moment, and then said: "I'm sorry to tell you, young man, but my daughter was married a week ago."

Without waiting for an explanation the horror-stricken suitor rushed from the building. He hailed a cab and drove madly to the young lady's home.

"What—what does it all mean?" he gasped, as soon as he saw her. "Speak! What does it mean? I have just seen your father at his office, and he says that you were married a week ago!"

"Why, Henry," she ejaculated, in a tone of astonishment, "my father? Why, he left for New York last night!"

A little further conversation revealed the fact that Henry had been talking to his partner.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Deviled Eggs.

Boil six eggs ten minutes, remove and lay them in cold water, in the meantime, place a saucepan with one tablespoonful butter and one tablespoonful fine chopped onions over the fire; cook three minutes without browning the onions; then add one tablespoonful flour, stir and cook two minutes, add 1½ cupfuls milk, half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful white pepper, one-half teaspoonful English mustard, remove the shells from the eggs, cut the eggs into small pieces, add them to the sauce, stir a few minutes, add one teaspoonful fine chopped parsley, divide the preparation into six table shells, fry two tablespoonfuls bread crumbs in a little butter light brown, sprinkle them over the shells, place them in a tin pan and bake five minutes in a hot oven.—Brooklyn Eagle.

ROBERT'S WIDOW

BY DAVIS PARSONS

I.

It was in the gray of the morning after Robert's funeral. His widow sat in the larger of the two rooms that had lately been their home, silent and without tears—almost without thought or memory, too, for the ordeal had left her capable of little more than the consciousness that he had left her, never to come back.

Suddenly the first red rays of the rising sun shot into the room, brightening it perceptibly, in spite of their dulling passage through the smoky, city atmosphere. Slowly her faculties came back to her, the memory first.

So dim and shadowy were the pictures of her childhood that the details were lost. There was the death of her father, and later that of the mother. Then she was alone in the village where their home had been. Her struggles with life after that were shadowy, also, till she met Robert.

But from that point the memory pencil wrought swiftly and vividly. The courtship, the marriage, the brief village life, the promising chance in the big city and the removal from the village and the birth of the baby. Then the day of the accident when Robert was brought home in an ambulance. He was not seriously hurt, the surgeon said—though he would have to be absent from the office awhile. But they had been thrifty and had money in the bank—much more than enough to tide them over an idleness of a few weeks. Robert had long needed a rest, and now he could have it. She would care for him much better than any trained nurse, and they would still be happy together.

But Robert's idleness lasted months instead of weeks. The money in the bank grew less. They gave up all but two rooms of their pretty flat, for economy's sake; and both to economize and in order that she might be free to give her whole time to the invalid's care, the child, now three years old, was put in charge of a sisterhood in a "home" where the cost was only nominal. The

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER WERE TOO MUCH ABSORBED IN ONE ANOTHER TO NOTE HIS APPROACH.

neighbors were kind, especially Mrs. Shultz, the German mother of the bachelor landlord, who kept the neat pharmacy on the ground floor and lived on the second floor alone with his mother, just under the flat where life with Robert had been so happy.

But now—now she was alone once more. The happy part of her life was finished, and she must begin all over again. Thank Heaven, she was not in debt. The money had lasted long enough to pay the doctor and the undertaker—but there was hardly enough left to buy the bare food necessary to support life for one more week. She took up her flat purse and counted the few coins it contained. Their small value roused her. She could not afford to sit there brooding, that was clear. Instantly all her faculties were alert.

II.

There was a heavy step in the hall outside and then a knock. It was Shultz; and when he came in he sat down awkwardly, as far away from her as he could.

"My mother," he began bunglingly, "she says you must be lonely."

The first tear since Robert's death rolled down his widow's cheek.

"She says," the landlord-druggist went on, "that you should not live alone here. She says that she is sometimes lonely too. She is getting a little old and she cannot be in the store as she used to, and sometimes when I am at my business all day she wishes she had company to drive the lonesomeness away. She says I should speak to you and ask you to be with her every day, and then neither of you will be lonesome."

Then he stopped, and slowly hooked and unhooked the index fingers of his two clumsy hands.

"But, Mr. Shultz," said Robert's widow, "I must earn my living. I must go out and find some work to do. I have no money left, and I cannot afford the rent even of these two rooms. I must sell my furniture to get money to keep me till I can earn something."

"Ach! You do not understand what I say. My mother she says you shall come and live with her, and keep her from being lonesome. She don't want money; she wants company. You want company, and you want money too. When you get rested you come in the drug store every day, and take in the money and help keep the books as my mother has done. I will pay you for that. But first, my mother says you need to rest a little while."

She seemed undecided, and across his face there passed a puzzled look.

"You let my mother talk to you," he said, after a moment or two, and lumbered out, closing the door softly.

A little later Mrs. Schultz came in, and soon the soothing tones of her quaint broken English had proved far more persuasive than all her son had said.

"Come to me, child," she said, crooningly, "and let me put you to bed and make you to sleep. Then you shall help the old woman. Do not look at me that way. It is I who need thee much more than thou needst me," she concluded, in her native tongue.

III.

And so it came that Robert's widow came to be the housekeeper of the little family of three, sometimes serving as cashier and helper in the neat little drugstore on the ground floor. The years—two or three in number—that followed, moved uneventually along. Little by little she became used to living without Robert; little by little she grew cheerful and almost contented.

Between her and the druggist's mother there came to be such a bond as may exist only between two women with pure and simple minds. But Robert's widow could not understand the son. He seemed to be friendly, but if so, his friendship was voiceless, for they never spoke to one another except when speech was necessary; and he avoided her as much as he could. To his customers and acquaintances and to his mother he talked freely; in her presence his tongue was always slow and awkward. Once when she raised her eyes suddenly she found his fixed on her face with a strange expression that might mean dislike or quite the reverse. At all events it made her flush painfully, and thereafter she avoided him as much as he did her.

"Thou shouldst not mind him, child," the old mother, whose keen eyes had taken in the situation, said one day in German. "He is a good son to me, and he is not unfriendly to thee, but he does not understand; he is bashful before any woman but his mother."

His attitude toward her and the continued separation from her little one were the only trials Robert's widow was called to bear while her life with the kind old German woman lasted. And as she was allowed to see the little one every week, and as the child seemed always well and happy, this latter was not so much of a trial after all.

But there came a time when Shultz could no longer avoid his mother's friend, nor yet keep silent before her. It was on the day she found the good old woman, sitting peacefully in her easy chair, her knitting in her hands as usual, but quite dead, with a smile on her face that was not soon forgotten by either of the two that were left. To Robert's widow this seemed the very climax of her bereavements. For the third time in her life she was left alone, and once more she must begin all over again. But she had learned fortitude from her earlier griefs, and her feeling was not, as before, that she was entirely desolate.

The day after the mother's funeral Shultz found voice before Robert's widow, though he began his talk as awkwardly as of old, and in almost the same words he had used before.

"My mother said to me more than once," he began, hooking and unhooking his index fingers, "that you would be a good wife for me—"

She stopped him with a flash from her eyes.

"But your mother is dead," she cried, "and you are not a child to talk of marriage because your mother advised it. Why do you not, just once, speak for yourself? Why—"

And then she checked herself, remembering she was Robert's widow. But she had loosed the man's tongue, and, speaking in German, as his mother had always done when her emotions were roused, he poured forth such a torrent of passionate protest of love, of supplication, that she was positively frightened. She had not dreamed that this slow, awkward man was capable of intense feeling; he had always seemed to her to think only of his drugs and the money they sold for. She had thought the entrance of herself, a third person, into his little home, had always been distasteful to him. Yet here he was, making a most passionate declaration of love. But she hesitated. Could she, Robert's widow, marry this druggist? Suddenly she knew she loved him, and had loved him for a long time.

IV.

And so, after an interval, they were married and life was happily begun again for her who had been Robert's widow. Her happiness was not exactly like the happiness she had felt as Robert's wife, yet it was real, and Shultz knew it and rejoiced.

But the little girl still remained with the kind sisters, and this was just a little mote in the sunshine for the mother. Every Sunday she visited the child, just as before, though this was never mentioned in the flat over the drugstore. But one Sunday when the mother went away Shultz looked very serious, and when he was alone he began walking up and down the floor.

"I shall be back soon, dear," she had said with a smile on her lips, on leaving; but there had been a tear in her eye, and perhaps that was what made him impatient and caused his index fingers to hook and unhook themselves in the old way, automatically, as if they were parts of an unthinking piece of machinery. After a time he put on his hat with a determined air, and went heavily down the stairs, muttering under his breath:

"Yes, yes! It is better that she should make no more Sunday visits to the Sisters' home, and I will see to that. Oh! I will see to that. Yes, yes!"

On the car which he boarded he continued to talk below his breath, to the astonishment of his fellow passengers.

His wife was bidding good-by to the little one when he entered the visitors' room of the home; and mother and daughter were too absorbed in one another to note his approach, in spite of his heavy tread. He was thinking how like the mother was the child when his wife saw him, and his look was so intense as to startle her as she had before been startled by him.

"No!" he said in German: "Thou shouldst not say good-by! The child shall no more be left in this place. Come to me, little one; come to our home. Come! there is room enough for three, and thou shalt not longer be separated from thy mother!"

And after that there were no motes in the sunshine for her who had been Robert's widow.

Summer Skirts.

The latest novelty in summer petticoats promises to bring comfort in its wake, for the material is the all-popular grass linen and the style is simple.

Light-weight taffetas, wash silks and colored lawns are also much the vogue, and to be absolutely comfortable one needs a varied assortment.

The most popular style shows a gored top, with a Spanish flounce 12 inches deep, which in turn is edged with a narrow frill, and these are no difficulties in the way of perfect laundering.

Evening gowns are worn over colored slips when the material is transparent, and allows the tint to be seen, but for general wear nothing is so elegant as white, whether it be silk or nainsook.

Linen sheds the dust and is easily kept clean, besides which it can be laundered at need and comes forth not only as good, but better than new. In addition it is deliciously cool and light of weight, so that it would seem in truth an ideal material for underskirts designed for warm weather wear.—Chicago Record.

Warned.

A gentleman who spent last summer in the country with his family has two little boys, who one day wandered into a pasture in which a bull belonging to a neighboring farmer was grazing. Although no harm was done, the gentleman the next day received the following note from the owner of the bull:

"Sir—You better not let your little boys gow into the paster with my bull creature for he is not a amiable bull creature and he might do considdable damidge if he tost them twenty or thirty feet into the air whitch I would not be responsible for him not doing if he took a notion to. So please take notice and beware of the bull hereafter."—Youth's Companion.

Boiled Beets.

When the young beets are just right to boil and are nice and tender, cook a quantity, slip the skin off as if you were going to serve them on the table, but instead put them in fruit cans. Fill up the cans with hot vinegar, to which you have added a little sugar and spice, and seal as in canning fruit. They make a most acceptable relish in the winter and spring.—Detroit Free Press.

MILLIONAIRES IN THE SENATE.

Most Rich Men in the Upper House Began at the Bottom of the Ladder.

"The United States senate is frequently called the Millionaires' club, because so many of its members belong to that favored class whose fortunes are denoted by six figures," said a senator and a millionaire recently, "and this gives a wrong impression of the character of that body. To be sure, many of the senators are millionaires, and there are some who, while not so fortunate as to be listed as millionaires, are very rich men, but I am not stating it broadly when I say the majority of the wealthy men in the senate have only themselves to thank for their riches. Many of them began life as poor boys, and worked and struggled their way to prominence and success, and the same enterprise that made them wealthy makes them successful politicians. It is not always to his money that a man owes his seat in the upper house, and a man's self-earned wealth should entitle him to the respect rather than the sneers of his contemporaries."

This is quite true. The majority of the senators began life in humble circumstances, and one of the most interesting of these self-made men is Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana, successor to the late Senator Voorhees. Senator Fairbanks is of Yankee origin, and those characteristics common to the descendants of the Puritans have been useful to him in his career. His father was born in Vermont, but went west as far as Ohio when he was a young man and settled there. He was a wagon maker by trade and worked at first for 37½ cents a day, but his application, perseverance and faithfulness won him the regard and esteem of his employer, who finally took him into partnership and gave him his daughter in marriage.

But Mr. Fairbanks, Sr., never became a rich man. The present senator was born in a log cabin, and by working at carpentering on Saturdays and during the vacations helped to pay his way through the Ohio Wesleyan university, of which college he is an alumnus. After leaving college Senator Fairbanks' first real work was the Associated Press, and he maintained himself doing newspaper work while he was studying law and until he was admitted to the bar. He attributes his success in life to steady application to one purpose, that of becoming a successful lawyer. From this purpose he never swerved until he was made senator. Political preferment did not tempt him, and his present office is the first political place he has held.

But Senator Fairbanks is not the only one among his colleagues who has won his way to honor and distinction from a modest beginning. Senator Foraker, being one of 11 children, had, perhaps, even a harder struggle with poverty, and to this discipline which he received in the army, which he entered at 16, serving until the close of the war, when he retired with the rank of first lieutenant and brevet captain, his success in life is largely due.—N. Y. Tribune.

A HERMIT BECAUSE HE LIKES IT.

John Starnes Took to the Woods During the War and Is There Still.

Thirty-five years ago John Starnes lived near Blacksburg, York county, and only a few miles from the battlefields of Cowpens and King's mountain, where the Americans whipped the British. The proximity of the battlefields did not inspire a warlike spirit in the breast of Starnes. During the war the conscription officers cast covetous eyes on the mountaineer's stalwart frame, and Starnes took to the woods. They searched for him, but Starnes was a better runner than a fighter, and he kept out of the way, out of the war, and in the woods. He had an old musket and a supply of ammunition, and fare in the woods was better than in the town. Starnes became fond of the life, and when the war was over and conscription officers had lost their dreaded power, Starnes still remained in the wilds of York.

And there he is now living. His home is not a romantic cave in the rocks, but is a curiously constructed, miserable hut, much the shape of an Eskimo snow house, without a window, and with a hole about two feet high, which serves as a door. There is no fireplace in the house. When snow is on the mountain and the north winds howl over the Blue Ridge the old man builds a fire at the entrance of his hut.

Starnes is not a picturesque figure. His long, white, unkempt hair and beard, and the ragged clothes that can hardly hang on his frame, make him an unprepossessing object. The hermit does not like to have visitors, and shows temper if questioned. He forages on his neighbors. He has relatives who have offered him a home and means of living in comfort, but the hermit has declined all advances. His neighbors call him "Wild John Starnes," but the hermit says he is "not so damned wild as you might suppose."—N. Y. Sun.

"The Weeping of the Vine."

After the spring pruning in the vineyards water is seen trickling down the stems, and in France this is poetically called the "weeping of the vine." Prof. Cornu, a botanist, has recently studied this phenomenon, and he says it is due to the abundant absorption of water by the roots of the vine in the springtime. The water is forced through all the branches and stems to their very tips, and where they are cut by the pruner it oozes out like tear drops.—Youth's Companion.

Untimely.

"Do you know what you are trying to say," asked the chronic fault finder, "when you speak of a man going to an untimely grave at the age of 80?"

"I do," said the undaunted obituarist. "The old villian ought to have gone there 40 years ago."

An Impediment.

Teacher (angrily)—Why don't you answer my question, Bobby?

His Brother Tommy (answering for him)—Please, sir, he's got a peppermint in his speech.—Tit-Bits.

HUMOROUS.

—Tommy (who has been reading history)—"Are kings always good, papa?" His Father—"No, not always, my son; they are not very good when they run up against aces."—Truth.

—Myra—"That Miss Beare puts on a good deal of style when she goes to the opera." Minnie—"Well, good gracious! The woman's got to put on something!"—Yonkers Statesman.

—Taste in Selection.—"What did you think of my speech, Mrs. Tacity?" asked the sapient young statesman. "I thought some of your quotations perfectly grand."—Detroit Free Press.

—The Pretty Girl—"Miss Smuther was named after her uncle George, wasn't she?" The Bright One—"I don't know. She looks as if she was named before him."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

—Kind of a Man He Was.—"Did he carry any life insurance?" they asked the widow. "A little," she replied. "Too bad you didn't take out a litttel fire insurance on him, too," they suggested.—Chicago Evening Post.

—How He Figured It.—Violet—"How did Mr. Bighead come to accept the doctrine of reincarnation?" Rose—"Well, you know, he always had an impression that the world couldn't get along without him, and if that is so, it stands to reason that he will have to come back."—Truth.

—No Cooperation Required.—First Tramp—"I read about dat trial, an' de judge told him he needn't ter say anything dat would incriminate him." Second Tramp—"Well, I s'pose dat was because dey had enough evidence to send him to Sing Sing widout any assistance from him."—Brooklyn Life.

THE LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE.

Pathetic Letter of a Woman Who Bore the Anxieties of the Life.

Mr. Kobbe quotes the following letter, written to a friend by Mrs. Grant, who lived for many years on White Head, off the Maine coast: Sometimes I think the time is not far distant when I shall climb these lighthouse stairs no more. It has almost seemed to me that the light was a part of myself. When we had care of the old lard-oil lamps on Matinicus rock, they were more difficult to tend than these lamps are, and sometimes they would not burn so well when first lighted, especially in cold weather when the oil got cool. Then, some nights I could not sleep a wink all night, though I knew the keeper himself was watching. And many nights I have watched the lights my part of the night, and then could not sleep the rest of the night, thinking nervously what might happen should the light fail.

In all these years I always put the lamps in order in the morning, and I lit them at sunset. Those old lamps—as they were when my father lived on Matinicus rock—are so thoroughly impressed on my memory that even now I often dream of them. There were 14 lamps and 14 reflectors. When I dream of them it always seems to me that I have been away a long while, and I am trying to get back in time to light the lamps. Then I am half way between Matinicus and White Head, and hurrying toward the rock to light the lamps there before sunset. Sometimes I walk on the water, sometimes I am in a boat, and sometimes I seem going in the air—I must always see the lights burning in both places before I wake. I always go through the same scenes in cleaning the lamps and lighting them, and I feel a great deal more worried in my dreams than when I am awake.

I wonder if the care of the lighthouse will follow my soul after it has left this worn-out body? If I ever have a gravestone, I would like it to be in the form of a lighthouse or beacon.—Gustav Kobbe, in Century.

A Warning to Bathers.

The oft-repeated warning to surf-bathers, and particularly to those who dive, to protect their ears from the water by cotton plugs, etc., is not generally heeded, to judge by the damage often traced to its neglect. They who have lost the membrana need to be especially careful, and to give up diving. The tympanum is readily protected by the cotton plugs firmly introduced, but in diving even then the air in the nasal fossae, accessory sinuses, and naso-pharynx is compressed and partially escapes by the Eustachian tubes, and in consequence the water enters so far and high in the nasal fossae as to painfully irritate the pituitary membrane, and leads to protracted congestion.—Laryngoscope.

Population of Russia.

The St. Petersburg Novoe Vremya says that the Russian census gives a population for the empire of 127,000,000, exclusive of the grand duchy of Finland, which takes its own census. Some other figures have still to be added from the uttermost parts of Siberia, as well as the nomad tribes of the steppes and the mountaineers of the Caucasus, where an exceptional snowfall delayed the work till spring. The full total is expected not to be under 130,000,000.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Queer Lawsuit.

A report of a queer lawsuit comes from Eastkill, a hamlet in the heart of the Catskill mountains. The plaintiff is Ole Halverson, a Swede, who cultivates a small farm on the mountain side. He is suing Rev. J. G. Remerton, a German Lutheran minister, for damages for christening his baby by a name which was not to his liking. Halverson is a patriotic Swede and wanted the child named after King Oscar. The minister claims that he christened the baby according to the wishes of its mother.—N. Y. Sun.

What Pierced the Gloom.

"Perkins is a dismal pessimist, but I heard him laugh heartily this morning."

"What occasioned his merriment?"

"A scorcher ran into a milk wagon and broke his wheel all to pieces."—Detroit Free Press.